

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

SUPPLEMENT 1.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

GRATIS.

Original Poetry.

WHEN SHOULD WE WEEP?

BY E. S. S.

Why should we weep although the bud
Of life should droop and die?
The pure, sweet germ in spotlessness
Ascends to courts on high.
Why should we mourn when youthful dust
Is sleeping in the tomb?
Whose spirit rises with the just,
To an immortal bloom?
Why sorrow if bold manhood's term
By death's cold hand expire?
Death holds the portal key that turns
To lift existence higher.
And wherefore grieve when hoary age
Lays off mortality?
Ascending life's far brighter stage,
In broad eternity?
But when the faintest shade of crime
Shrouds loveliness, and when
A blight comes over innocence,
There's cause for weeping then!
G. S. L. City, July, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

THREE GRAINS OF CORN

[AS SPOKE BY MRS. H.]

Give me three grains of corn, mother;
Only three grains of corn;
I will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother;
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agonies of such a death,
My lips have never told.
It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart,
Mother;
A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the live long day and the night besides,
Gnawing for the lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the night was heavy to me;
I awoke with an eager and famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.
Oh, how could I look to you, mother?
How could I look to you?
For bread to give your starving child,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine on your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild;
And I felt it in your bony hand,
When you laid it on my child.
The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold;
A babe that is dying from want, mother,
As I am dying now;
With a ghastly look in its sinking eye,
And famine on its brow.
What has poor Ireland done, mother?
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of poor Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?
Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when he died.
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone;
Mother, dear mother, ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1860.

"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER!"

Of two sides of any picture it is presumed that a man of ordinary common sense would invariably or as a general thing choose the brighter. Such has ever been our inclination, although we claim no pre-emptive right to common sense or extraordinarily good judgment. The good bright beaming side of the picture of life and of the world at large has ever been our delight. It is always pleasing to hear of the great deeds and good acts of our fellowmen, whether they were Europeans, Americans, Hindus, or even Irish. We loved not to hear of bloodshed. But we clapped our hands in holy triumph as every chain was burst from the wrists or ankles of a human being. In Utah we have no superstitious dread of slavery, nor of the "horrible hounds of war" with which she has so long been threatened. But there may be a still fiercer foe in wait for her, if she is off her guard.

The time is yet keenly within our memory when a pound of flour in Utah was appreciated and its value more than paid. The time, too, is not far gone when while we were in other countries we heard of famine at home, and that children cried for bread and looked at empty cupboards. The time, too, we remembered when the pastors of the people had exhorted them in good time to take care of their grain and protect themselves against those very contingencies. With few exceptions the advice was passed unheeded. The granaries were unbuild. The boards slumbered in their native pine-trees, and the mechanic slept on

the supper cooked from his last pound of flour.

We have no disposition now to present gloom and dark forebodings to our readers. But we are apprehensive that there is a carelessness in the providings for the future among our citizens, which is portentous of hard times. In a territory like Utah, so far away and snow-bound, every man should have a granary, and take care to have that granary well filled.

The story of 1847, from which the materials of the song we publish were taken, ought to be a lesson to all. It is not the essence of fiction but facts through the whole. Depending upon yearly supplies, the poor denizens of Ireland found themselves by the failure of one crop, starvelings. Year after year the faithful soil furnished them, with but little labor, their staff of life. They cared not to look ahead; and the result was the death by famine of nearly three millions of the people. Their crops failed, and in vain did the little ones cry to their mothers for "three grains of corn."

How often have we been exhorted from the pulpit, and the press to secure and preserve our grain. Are those exhortations to be entirely unheeded? We look around as we pass through our settlements, and where do we find the granaries that ought to be the distinguishing marks of a frugal people? They are but one among a thousand.

The immense emigration to Pike's Peak calls for a large amount of breadstuffs from our fields. We would not demand of our fellow-citizens to withhold their supplies. We would simply ask them to provide for their own households, or inform them if they do not that they "are worse than infidels."

Every head of a family ought to have a granary of his own, and in that he should be careful to have deposited not less than two years' supply. The bishops, who are looked up to as fathers of the people, should urge it, and make it, in preference of their other less important things, the subject of their teachings.

Much might we say upon these matters. But they are talked of daily, and in public. We have travelled over the graves of millions who fell by the grasping paw of famine. We have wandered through the deserted fields and empty cabins of the victims of the horrible tyrant. We have heard the little ones cry for bread, and seen the skeleton mother flinching from the effects of her babe's requirements; and hence we urge upon our friends that they board up and preserve their grain.

Let not a few rays induce them to give up their "staff of life." Calicoes will yet be like dust on the desert; and cassimeres and broad-cloths will be like the wild flowers in our borders. But wheat and flour will be more precious than the gold of the Nevada; and the richest of the rich will beg for bread.

Observe the lesson of the oft repeated text, "PRESERVE YOUR GRAIN." To our FRIENDS.—We anticipated by our arrangements last spring, that, before the commencement of our second volume we would have been prepared with materials to continue our labors without interruption. A delay of the train, in which our paper is being conveyed, has compelled us to ask the pardon of our friends for a short delay in the commencement of our second volume; as much regretted as it was unintended. No pains have been spared to hurry on our supplies, and we are now straining every nerve to hurry them on. We have no doubt in anticipating at least as good a subscription list as our first volume presented. We have had but six who, through pecuniary embarrassments, decline a further subscription; but, in their stead we have had scores of new subscribers. Our friends who feel rich and well will aid us. From our very poor friends we ask no pay.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—With much pleasure we call the attention of our friends to the new advertisements which are found in our supplement. We would not individualize. The well-known character of the parties, to whose names and houses we refer, is so well established that no more can be required of us but to say—call and see them. They are of and among ourselves, and their interests intertwined with our own. Towards them therefore we invite patronage.

Local News.

ARRIVALS.—We take pleasure in announcing that Judge Flennek, Secretary Wootton, and Marshal Grice, arrived safely in this city on Monday, after a very pleasant trip across the plains.

KILLING A GRIZZLY.—During the early days of the week, a very large grizzly bear was seen prowling around the southern part of the city, making incursions at will and pleasure into the best fields and gardens to satiate his appetite. Fear of our citizens got on his track on Thursday afternoon near Jacob Weiler's field, to the right of the State road. Getting sight of his pursuers the denizen of the mountains attempted to escape, but a well directed ball from a revolver brought him to a halt and to a realizing sense of danger. He turned upon his pursuer, Mr. H. Spencer, who coolly awaited his approach, and at the moment of bruin's arrival within a foot of his horse another ball from the same revolver

sent him sprawling in the dust. He was on exhibition at Mr. Jennings' yesterday morning, where he attracted considerable attention. He weighed about three hundred pounds and evidently had enjoyed good living during summer. Another of the same tribe was reported about the same neighborhood, but a hunt yesterday morning failed to discover his whereabouts.

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS.—The first hand-cart company from the States this season arrived in the city on Monday afternoon. There were two hundred and thirty persons in the company; thirty-one hand-carts, accompanied by six wagons for the transportation of the heavy baggage and the general allowance of provisions. A large number of the citizens went out to meet them as they descended the bench and proceeded to the camp ground. Capt. Ballo's brass band delivered the scene by the performance of choice pieces of music. One death only reported—a child of two years of age. Two wagons of Capt. Franklin Browne's company came into the city very late on Tuesday evening. The greater portion of his company struck off for Ogden and other settlements when they arrived at the Weber. On Thursday at noon, Capt. Jesse Murphy's company arrived at the camping ground. The emigrants looked well, the cattle were in good condition, no sickness or deaths reported, two births, one of them shortly before they came into the city. In a few hours after the arrival of the company, nearly one half of the emigrants were dispersed in various directions among their friends. By this time there are few wagons and hand-carts left on the camping ground.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY.—On the night of Thursday, August 23rd, the men engaged in herding Mesas, Miller & Russell's stock, on Provo bottoms, between Provo and Pleasant Grove, were attacked by a band of ruffians. Firing was freely indulged in by both parties, and during the melee, an attempt was made to run off the herd; the attempt proving ineffectual, and the herdsmen pressing too hard upon the aggressors, caused a retreat. Two horses belonging to the thieves were seen dashing away without riders from the scene of conflict. It is supposed that some of the ruffians were wounded, if not killed, as the herdsmen were well armed and fought coolly.

BOY KILLED WHILE STEALING.—At Provo City, on Monday, August 20th, acting coroner Edson Whipple held an inquest on the body of Levi S. York, aged 15 years, who was found dead in the garden of Mr. E. Watts. The jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict to the effect that deceased was killed by Edwin Watts, on the night of August 19th. On Wednesday, the 22nd, Mr. Edwin Watts, of Provo, was arraigned before the Hon. Silas Smith, probate judge for Utah co., charged with having killed Levi S. York. The facts in the case, as brought forth in testimony, appear to be as follows:—Edwin Watts owns a garden in Provo. His principal support is the product of this garden, as he cannot labor like other men in consequence of having but one arm. Some of the badly disposed boys have been in the habit of stealing his plums, currants and other fruit; and wishing to make an example of the delinquents, he was watching on the night of Sunday, the 19th ult., when, about 10 o'clock, he saw some persons leap over his fence into his garden. He had a gun loaded with duck shot with him, and aiming low, with the intention of shooting their legs, he discharged the contents in the direction of the intruders. He saw two persons emerge from the gloom and run away. He immediately went to a neighbors, and in speaking of the matter, said he could rest for that night, as he believed he had effectually scared the boys from his garden for the time being. He went to his garden early the following morning to see if the boys had left a hat or sack, or anything else through which he might discover who the culprits were. On reaching his melon patch, he was horror-stricken to find the boy York lying dead, face downwards. Mr. Watts went to the nearest neighbors and told them that Levi York was lying dead in his garden, and he believed that he had shot the boy on the previous night. The poor man was very much distressed. It came out in evidence that deceased and his brother were visited, after they had retired to bed, by two boys from South Willow Creek, named Jacob Williams and Jacob Terry, who invited them to go on a melon-stealing expedition. The deceased was prevailed upon to go, but his brother resisted the temptation. The result has been stated. It is supposed the boy York was groping for the melons when he met with his untimely death. Judge Smith, after hearing the case, decided that Edwin Watts enter bonds of two thousand dollars to appear and answer to the charge at the next term of the Probate Court, the second Monday in September next. Bail was given, and the prisoner was released.

ENGAGEMENT WITH INDIANS.

PETER STATION, Aug. 14, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Since the commencement of Indian difficulties on this road, there have been so many rumors about, and reports of express riders, etc., etc., having been shot at, some of which have proved false, that I have not considered the stories of that kind which have reached my ears lately, worthy of notice.

A couple of weeks since, the express riders from Ruby to Deep Creek said they were shot at in Antelope Canyon. The early part of last week's news, came to Ruby that some emigrants were attacked in the same canyon. Both these reports were discredited, until the emigrant train in question arrived at Ruby, when one of the men who had his horse shot from under him by the Indians, went to see about it. Arrangements were immediately made for sending troops in that direction. Lieut. Perkins being very ill with mountain fever, Lieut. Weed took command, and left Ruby with twenty-six men on the morning of the 11th inst. When within eight miles of Egan Canyon, the express from the west overtook them; but the rider, on getting in sight of the station, found it surrounded with Indians, and the door closed. He accordingly rode back to inform Lieut. W., who, though very unwell himself, immediately made arrangements to relieve the station. He took what mounted men he had—eighteen, leaving the balance with the wagon, and hastened on. Arriving in the valley, they all scattered out, and by this means deceived the hostile natives into the belief that they were more of their own band come to assist them. Soon, however, as they discovered their error, they prepared to retreat. Lieut. W.'s intention was to endeavor to get part of his men between the Indians and the canyon, so as to prevent their retreat; but in some way his plans were misunderstood, and Corporal Mitchell made a charge on them with a few men, resulting in getting on the other side of the canyon. But it seems the sudden charge had scattered them to such an extent that it was impossible with the few men left to surround them, and Mr. M. resolutely gave up his high during the charge.

The Indians fired the first shot, mortally wounding private Corley, who died at Ruby the morning. Private Hertog was shot in the neck. His wound is very dangerous, but not mortal. They also had two horses killed. The express riders had from Corporal Mitchell's report, that they had been surrounded by about 75 armed with good rifles. They were at Ruby, and Shoch think they must have been Banacks there. Those Banacks, as the riders said, fired well for about twenty minutes. Indeed, so long as it was daylight, Mr. M. said they did not stop to give ground, but whenever the Banacks fired at them they fired at the Banacks. There were a number of the natives unarmed, who did nothing but run in and out of the bushes, and carry off the dead and wounded. Five, however, were killed so near the station, they could not take them away.

It proved a more serious affair than I think all the Go-shutes in these mountains are able to make it; and those engaged found it to be anything but a fox to fight well-armed Indians, when encircled behind rocks and trees. They were not behind rocks, or on top of them, where they considered themselves out of reach, and whoop and yell like fiends, during the troops to follow them and fight. One of them, while thus engaged, was fetched down by a Sharp's rifle in the hands of one of the station men, at an almost incredible distance.

It seems Lieut. W. arrived just in time to save the station and men. There were only two men at the station, and four emigrants going to California. But the latter were poorly armed. The Indians had already got all their provision out of the house when Lieut. W. made his appearance, and they would undoubtedly, but for this timely assistance, have destroyed both men and station. The express went on the morning after the fight with an escort of soldiers. That from Salt Lake has not arrived, though due yesterday morning early. We are apprehensive on its account.

Communications.

"INDIAN DIFFICULTIES"

G. AND S. L. M. LINE, Aug. 20, 1860.

EDITOR MOUNTAINEER: Sir.—Glaring misrepresentations or vile calumnies are often best answered by silent contempt. But when a whole people is charged with crimes the most unnatural and unreasonable—though the slander and the utterance may, in themselves, be unworthy of notice—a brief refutation may not be out of place.

Your issue of the 11th ult. contains an extract from the N.Y. Tribune of July 14th, in which Col. Smith, the commanding officer in Camp Floyd, is represented as having implicated the "Mormons" in the recent Indian outrages, north and west, and conveyed the idea to the government at Washington that they are in secret alliance. Whether Col. S. has made any such statement, is for himself to decide. One thing is certain, he, as well as every other sane man in the Territory, knows it to be a falsehood—a base, uncalculated, unexcusable lie, told for the purpose of injuring thousands of innocent men, women and children. It is in reality too absurd to merit notice, and carries its own refutation on its face; but having been on this road the last two years, and in the midst of all these "Indian difficulties," I have a few words to say.

This mail line, although in the hands of gentlemen not connected with the Mormon church, is a public institution, and calculated to benefit the inhabitants of Utah as much, if not more than those of any other portion of the Union. They (the Mormons) can therefore have no motive for wishing to see it broken up, much less, for siding to do it. The majority of the employees on this end of the line, are Mormons, or of Mormon parentage, and have mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, wives and children in Salt Lake City or vicinity. The hostility of the Indians has been directed principally against them. But

two emigrant trains have been attacked, and they only had two horses killed. Not a single emigrant has been injured on this road from S. L. City to Roberts' Creek, and but one or two beyond that point; while all those killed north this season were Mormons. Is it reasonable to suppose that citizens inhabiting the settlements would instigate the natives, or put arms in their hands, to murder their sons, husbands and fathers who may be a few miles west of them? Yet this is the unnatural course which Col. S., or some one in his name, charges them with. But if Col. S. really entertained such a preposterous belief, how will he evade the charge of complicity in these transactions, or justify himself in supplying arms and ammunition, which he felt sure were only to be used against emigrants? He promptly responded to the call for arms, and rightfully too. But can any one for a moment suppose he would have done so had he not been satisfied that they would be used in defense of the lives of American citizens. It is to be hoped that some one has used the name of Col. S. unauthorizedly, and that the latter will clear himself from the stigma of so mean and unmanly a course by a prompt and public denial of the Tribune's statement.

As to the "1000 men on active duty," no doubt Lieut. Perkins and Weed would be very glad of a few of them to reinforce their command, for they have only had about 89 men to keep the mail route open from Camp Floyd to Carson Valley. They have, nevertheless, done all in their power to protect the road, its travellers and employees.

Emigrants have always experienced the kindest treatment on this road, though the conduct of a few of them has merited the severest condemnation. Lieut. Perkins and Weed, with the officers and men of their command, have, I believe, everywhere along the road met with the most courteous reception also—not because they were U. S. officials, but because they conducted themselves as gentlemen, and not as too many have done heretofore, who have borne commissions from our venerable Uncle. It is but justice to say that these officers have maintained the most admirable discipline among their men, and that the whole command has evinced the most order, decorum and regard for the rights of citizens, of any detachment that has visited any portion of the Territory. Should there be any occasion for speaking otherwise of the officers and men of this command—which, however, I trust there will not be—I shall not hesitate to utter my sentiments.

Lt. Weed passed Bate Station on the 19th, on his way to Ruby to obtain fresh supplies of provisions, &c. He took West, the man who was wounded at Sobell Creek, to Ruby, to be placed under the care of the gentlemanly and obliging Dr. Brewer, U.S.A., who gives every attention in his power to the sick and wounded, whether citizens, emigrants or soldiers. The head man among the Sho-shonees here inform me that a great portion of the Indians in the recent fight at Egan Canyon were Pawnees. They are well armed, have plenty of ammunition, and are likely to prove troublesome enemies, unless peace can be made with them soon. Lt. Weed informs me there could not have been less than 200 Indians at the time of the skirmish he had with them, about 70 of whom were armed with rifles.

Very respectfully,
W. H. SHEARMAN.

Home News.

The eastern mail arrived last Saturday evening, bringing eastern dates to August 4th, and frontier dates to the 6th.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The expected excursion of this "mountain of the deep," to Cape May has taken place. She started on the trip to the Cape on July 30th, with 2,057 passengers, and returned on the 1st of August. Notwithstanding the shortness of the voyage, considerable dissatisfaction prevailed among the passengers in consequence of the scarcity of water. This was caused by a tap of a compartment having been left open, flooding the cabin and stow-rooms. A considerable quantity of produce and provisions were injured by this disaster, and food consequently became scarce. At night about five hundred persons slept on the deck, which was rendered very unpleasant by a thick rain of cinders. The accommodations were very meagre. Not more than one hundred women were on board. On the voyage, water was sold at ten cents a glass. An indignation meeting was held on board, and resolutions were passed censuring the Directors for the singular conduct of the officers toward the passengers. It had been announced that the Great Eastern would be repaired for exhibition on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August.

TORNADO AND DEATH.—A destructive tornado passed over Marysville, Kansas, July 20, demolishing everything in its way. Three dwellings, two business houses, platforms, and printing offices, were blown to pieces, and the post office was turned round and set into the street. Every building in the place was more or less injured. No lives reported lost. A correspondent in writing to the Tribune recent date, says:—"For the last four or five months we have not had rain enough to harden the ground. The consequence is, there will be no crops of any kind in Southern Kansas. Our corn is nearly or quite dead; our grass for hay is entirely out of the question, for there is none—the hot sun has entirely destroyed it. What the people are going to do for something to eat, God only knows. Our neighbors can be seen in conversation about what we are going to do. Now, Mr. Greeley, look at us, for it is you I am talking to, and you have seen us—you know how we looked one year ago, with all the bright prospect before us, with green fields of grain, and our rich prairies covered with its high, waving grass, and every day a shower. Oh! how bright the hopes of all then; but, alas, poor, hopeless

now. Mark! here me tell God's truth. As I write in my house, the wind blows over me; the sun heats it so, that the wind almost turns me; my wife is now roasting eggs on the stove steps in front of my house; the stove and tin boiler are too hot to bear my hands on them, standing in the house where the sun cannot touch them—they are hot by the wind blowing on them through the open door. Why, every drop of the wind is like the heat of fire from a burning building. S. S. S. Many of us live on milk and Indian bread—the latter almost gone—the former will soon dry up for want of grass. I am now 40 years old; was born in the State of New York; have been in Lincoln County, K. T., three years, and never in all my life did I see such a hopeless time. Raised in the Empire State—in the land of plenty—then to have such a poor prospect before me, is really discouraging."

FIVE PRISONERS.—Five persons, Mrs. J. J. B. Pinson and child, Mrs. J. J. M. Pinson, Mrs. Beausoliel and Miss Louisa Bedard went over the Black River Falls at Watertown, N. Y., in a boat, on July 25th, and all were drowned.

REPUBLICAN DISSENT IN VIRGINIA.—Great excitement exists at Occquan, Va., near Alexandria, in consequence of the Republicans raising a banner with the names of Lincoln and Hamilton. The citizens have attempted to demolish it. The Republicans related, and dispatched messengers to the neighboring towns for arms and ammunition. Gov. Letcher ordered Gen. Hatten to call out his troops to protect the Republicans, but the General preferred resigning his command. At last account it was expected the military at Alexandria would be called out. Occquan contains three hundred Republicans, and was the residence of Mr. Underwood, the ostracized republican. Later accounts state that Gov. Letcher has compelled Gen. Hatten to order one company of militia to preserve the public peace. It is believed, however, that Hatten's sympathies are with the mob, and it is doubtful whether the troops would fire on the mob, or the republicans. Some officers of the Alexandria militia had left Washington with the expectation that their commands would be ordered to Occquan.

11 MON TEXAS FIRES.—Calvin dates of the 31st of July say that the large flouring and lumber mill at Austin was burned on the 26th. Loss, \$100,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary. A negro was caught setting fire to a building in Georgetown, and confessed that he was incited by two abolitionists to burn the town.

PRINCE OF WALES.—The heir apparent to the British throne continues to receive the respectful greetings of the warm-hearted "Britannians" in Canada. He is everywhere hailed with joy; and proudly and affectionately, do the people look upon their future king. The English residents of New York, in token of their friendship with the Prince, have arranged with the Islands, of the Metropolitan Hotel, for a grand reception and ball in honor of the Prince. It will surprise the great ball recently given to the Japanese Embassy, and the company will be select and elegant.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON.—"The old hero" is fairly in the field and manifests his usual stern decision. In a recent speech he says no earthly power can force him to withdraw. He says he is sure of Texas. Gen. Houston writes to his friends in New York that his nomination being an independent movement, he will in no event decline. It is stated that Houston tickets will certainly be run in Georgia, New Jersey, and Maryland. Whether this movement will be followed up in all the other States, there is no evidence as yet, but it will tend to move to embarrass the already divided democracy.

A VOLCANO IN POLK COUNTY, WIS.—One of the strangest phenomena in nature has recently developed itself near the Horse Lake, Polk county, Wisconsin. Flames of fire came up through the earth in several localities, and one man's barn has been burned down by it. Strange to say, the fire can only be seen in the day time, the earth in the evening bearing a full resemblance to phosphorus. The air smells as if impregnated with sulphur. The most remarkable feature in the case is the fact that all wooden articles in the houses located near by, take fire, although there is nothing visible to ignite them. Our readers will very likely think this a hoax, but we have the words of several citizens in Polk county for authority.—Chicago Journal.

THE DISASTROUS THUNDER BOLT.—The Times' Washington correspondent refers to rumors of an organized movement in several Southern States for a dissolution of the Union on Kett's plan, and agents have gone to Europe to ascertain what would be the course of England and France on the establishment of a Southern confederacy. There are some of the volunteer tenants on the "Fourth" at Feller's Old Field, St. Matthew's parish, South Carolina:—"The re-organizing of the African slave trade. It alone will elevate and civilize the poor, benighted African, as much as his nature is susceptible of improvement. It is the only means by which the wonderful resources of the South can be fully developed, and it is the main prop on which rests the maintenance and stability of our cherished Southern institutions." "May the American eagle, from his cloud-capped eyrie, soon look down upon two distinct republics—once united, but then peaceably separated, and preserving the memory of their former glorious union." "The Mobile Mercury indulges in the following language:—"The times are now ripe for the organization of a political movement in the slaveholding States, irrespective, of course, of all old party designations; and there are peculiar reasons why such a movement should be undertaken now and here. Indeed, we are credibly informed by leading patriotic gentlemen of this city, of all parties, and the plans of a Southern organization have been set on foot and almost matured, preparatory to action. We earnestly hope the good work may go on, and speedily. The country, we repeat, is ripe for the movement, and if judiciously inaugurated it will sweep over the land with a force that no opposition will be able to check. We therefore caution our friends in the country everywhere to be prepared for it, and keep themselves aloof from all entangling alliances which may hinder them from joining it untrammelled."

Advertisements.

WHO WILL EXCHANGE?

I HAVE 32 acres of Farming Land enclosed by itself, and under cultivation together with a good dwelling house, which I will exchange for City property, cash, or stock. For particulars, apply at the MOUNTAINEER office. 39-11.

Gov. Pickett, who was ed to his boat, and re-
Sumpter.
The communication
Congress to de-
prompt action, with a
Star of the West. The people are great-
ly excited. There were no demonstrations
against Lieut. Hall, although great cur-